

# JOS. HORNE & CO.,

Penn Ave. and Fifth St., Pittsburgh.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25, 1895.

## Ready for a Cold Wave

In our Cloak and Fur Department. Exclusive Novelties in Jackets and Capes in Cloth, Plush and Fur, many being direct from Paris and not shown elsewhere.

Great values in Cloth Jackets in the new shapes at

\$5 and \$10.

In Velour and Plush Capes, \$8 to \$125.

As usual our Fur Department shows the largest collection of extreme novelties in high grade Fur garments, and is specially strong in reliable goods, ranging in price from

\$25 to \$100.

## Feather Boas,

Our own importation. See our special Curled Ostrich Boa at \$5; also the new styles up to \$35. In Millinery department, third floor.

## Chinaware.

Decorated Dinner-Sets, 113 pieces, neat patterns, at

\$10 the Set.

English Porcelain Dinner Sets, 112 pieces, at

\$12.50 the Set.

Toilet Sets, neat decorations, 12 pieces in the set, at \$6.50 the Set.

Write our MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT for SAMPLES and any information. We have thousands of Customers that do SHOPPING BY MAIL.

## Jos. Horne & Co.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

DRESSES—J. S. RHODES & CO.

## NEW FALL

## DRESS GOODS

## NOW OPEN.

No better time to buy than now. Many Novelties once sold cannot be duplicated.

## Black Dress Goods.

You can get any kind you want—250 Styles to select from.

## Dress Goods at 50c.

Forty-eight inch all-wool Henriettes and Serges and 38 inch Fancy Brocades, in black and colors, choice 50c.

Yard wide all-wool Henriettes and Serges in black and colors at 25c a yard.

## J. S. Rhodes & Co.

SUMMER RESORTS.

## BROOKSIDE,

WEST VIRGINIA.

Altitude 3,100 feet, where rest can be found. How many people are wondering where they can go for the summer to remain cool, healthy and strong and find the proper condition and surroundings. Nowhere better than at Brookside for pure air, grand views, beautiful drives, fine lawns, beautiful grounds and a picturesque trout brook running through the place. Black bears in the forest. Large rooms to give you most refreshing sleep. Table d'hôte and with all fresh fruits and vegetables and wholesome cooking. Swimming pool, tennis, bowling, billiard, parlor, croquet and croquet lawn attached. Ten cottages and Oakland and Deer Park. Ten cottages and Oakland. Rates \$7 to \$10 per week. For descriptive circular, address S. PROCTOR WRIGHT, Brookside, W. Va.

PLUMBING, ETC.

## TRIMBLE & LUTZ COMPANY,

SUPPLY HOUSE.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating.

A Full Line of the Celebrated—

SNOW STEAM PUMPS

—Kept constantly on hand.

1500 AND 1508 MARKET STREET, WHEELING.

WILLIAM HARE & SON.

## Practical Plumbers,

GAS AND STEAM FITTERS.

No. 34 Twelfth Street.

All Work Done Promptly and at Reasonable Prices.

\*JOB + WORK\*

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED

AT THE INTELLIGENCER JOB ROOMS.

## AT PLAY IN THE SAND.

For the Intelligence.

Two little boys at play in the sand. Live at an joyous, innocent and grand. Nothing is trouble, vex or to harm. All is at peace and life is a charm.

Round little hillocks are built here and there, Painted and perfect their summits in air. Base resting low on the soft yielding ground, Seemingly so steady, graceful and round.

The beautiful mounds are left for the night, Storms come to tear them, to clove and to light.

Alas, the mounds, all leveled and torn, Summits and base of beauty are shown.

Two full grown men at work, as for life, Weary and worn, the picture is sad to see. Daily and night they toil for their bread—Life is not a charm but a battle indeed.

O, how they long for the sand hills of youth, Tedium of happiness, hiding the truth. That life's stern reality brings to the hand. Joy mixed with sorrow, like hillocks of sand.

Two gray haired men feebly resting at home, Waiting and waiting, the sunset to come. The hour-glass for them shows a half-empty urn. Life's sands all are leveled—its dunes no more.

Two new made graves on the hillside so green, Two weeping willows with a sad air to be seen. Life's final fever so seemingly grand. Has proven as fragile as hillocks of sand.

J. J. CHISHOLM, New Alexandria, Ohio, Sept. 12, 1895.

## THE BILLOP MYSTERY.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

(Copyright, 1895.)

CHAPTER III.

It was an October evening nine years later; the woods had glowed in their red and yellow splendor all day long, the sun had set in a rivalry of glory, and now it was getting so cool that a few logs were piled on the wide hearth, and a fire kindled. The pitch-pine sticks began to crackle, and to coals at the ends, the blue smoke whirled upward in the huge draught of the chimney, and Nancy and Nellie, having cleared away the supper things, were seated in a small and a big chair, side by side, facing the blaze. Nellie's head leaned against Nancy's substantial knee; her silky hair, which showed some of the colors of the golden flame at which she was gazing, or of the maple leaves which she and gathered a great bunch of that afternoon, shone in the flickering light with a lovely radiance. Nancy sat back in her chair with her stout arms folded across her ample waist. Never was there an old maid that looked the conventional type less than she. She was rosy, dimpled, plump, and cheery; yet she was not only a spinster of nearly fifty, but she had met with nothing but misfortune all her life. It is a marvel what some folks can thrive on.

But Nancy had in her bosom the innocent and kindly child's heart which was born with her; she was as much a child as the little girl beside her. Troubles could draw tears from her readily enough; but nothing could make her bitter or sullen. Her nature was of the summer quality sometimes reverting to April, but never contracting into winter. Truly, she was not armed to contend with the artful and selfish world; yet the world could not hurt her. Her vital spots were beyond the world's reach.

Being of such a make, she and Nellie were full companions for each other. They were a pair of children. Things which to others would have been foolish and trivial, interested them, and made the subject of their confidential talks. Each loved the sound of the other's voice, and was secure in the other's sympathy. It is wonderful what a mutual comprehension love gives; the reason is perhaps because it so simplifies and illuminates the ordinary confusion and obscurity of ideas. We are ourselves the artificers of most of the riddles that perplex us.

"Nellie, you wouldn't have cared for me to marry that old lawyer Corvin, would you, love?"

"Ugh!" said Nellie, prolonging a guttural of disgust. "He's horrid! You don't have to do you?"

"No; but he asked me this afternoon," she gave a chuckling little laugh. "I declare, I wonder what ailed the man. He used to be a spinster around 'bout twenty or thirty years ago; but I was young and smart then, and we was rich; and anyway, I was fancyin' some'un else myself. So I said to him to-day, I says, 'Whatever ails you, Mr. Corvin? I guess you are you used to want me for the sake of my money.' I says; 'but now, I says, 'you've got the money, and what under the canopy would you be wanting of me?' So I laughed. But I thought to myself, thinks I, 'Well, I guess I wouldn't marry a man that was the cause of my dear boy Tom getting drowned,' not to speak of what folks said about my poor brother Matt; not that I b'lieves myself it was just Mr. Corvin's fault, you know; but one feels things that way. I didn't tell him that; it's no use hurting folks feelin'."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he sort of come out, then; he says, 'that's just it, he says; 'you ain't got no money, an' I hate to have it that way, but what can I do?' He says, 'Here I've been lending you money these ten years back, Nancy, he says, 'on the security of your land and cattle and the stuff, he says; an' now you ain't got nothin' more to pledge, and I'll have to foreclose on that mortgage to-morrow, he says. 'An' what I thought was, Nancy, if you'd have me, it would make it all smooth and nice, I says, 'for I was al'ays fond of you, you know; an' now I've been a widower five year, an' everything's ready for you, if you'll come, he says. 'An' of you don't, upon my word, I don't see how your a-goin' to get on anyway,' he says."

"He hasn't got this house, though, has he?" asked the child.

"So, love, he ain't; an' that's what I told him; an' I said I'd starve in it sooner 'n sell it, for it was Billop's house ever since 'twas built, an' I don't consider I've any right to make away with it while I live. An' I told him, may be the folks around would give me work to do; anyhow, marry, I couldn't. It's by he said, 'Well, I'm sorry to foreclose, he says; but I can't help it. I need some cash to put into a new investment, he says; an' then he went on to tell about a man had come to town with a new invention—some way of making crops grow with 'lectricity, but I didn't understand how 'twas. Mr. Corvin, he wanted to buy the stock of the invention, and had to have cash. So he said if I wouldn't marry him, and didn't have the money for the mortgage to-morrow, why he'd be sorry, but he'd just be obliged to sell up the farm an' fixin's. So I said, 'Well, if you have to do it, sell away, Mr. Corvin, I says; an' don't you bother 'bout Nellie an' me, I says; I guess the Lord'll look out for us, some way; an' then I told him I'd have to be getting the dinner ready, an' asked him to wait a minute. But he said no, an' so off he went."

"Do you think the Lord will take us to heaven, now we have no money?" Nellie inquired.

"Oh, well, I guess we'd get on all right down here for a small yot, lovey," Nancy replied, cheerfully. "I'll trot over to the village to-morrow, and see if maybe I can't get something to do—cookin', or sewin', or such like. There's a good long bit between you an' me an' starvin', my pet; an' we al'ays got the old house to live in, you know—thanks be!"

Nellie made no rejoinder, and they

sat silent. The fire fell into red embers, on a cushion of white ash. The wind rose, without, and the hush of the great trees swept across the roof of the house with a whispering sound, as if caressing the venerable building over which they had stood guard so long. How many generations of Billops had that soothing sound hushed to sleep! Nancy was beginning to nod, when suddenly she felt Nellie start slightly, and saw that she had lifted her head, and was listening intently.

"What is it, lovey? Rats?"

"Music!" whispered Nellie. "There—don't you hear?"

Nancy uttered a faint cry, and sat rigid.

Music! It was unmistakable. At first a light and airy strain, rising and falling with the breeze, like the notes of an aeolian harp. It was a faint, unobtrusive call, as of fairy minstrels, signaling with elfin harmony. But presently it assumed a measured form; it gathered itself into a diatonic melody, warbling deliciously. What made it? Where did it come from? After a moment, Nellie jumped up, ran to the window, and threw it open. In came the crisp cold air; the stars sparkled; the music sounded more distinct, but still aerial and remote. It was impossible to determine whence it came. It sounded now here, now there. Sometimes it seemed to emanate from the listener's own heart.

"Oh, isn't it good! Oh, don't let it stop!" murmured Nellie, with groans of delight.

But it did stop, almost as if out of contrariness. A last note swelled out, and went off in a diminuendo, and sank into silence.

"Oh, do-o-o let it play some more!" she sighed, as if the invisible orchestra could be propitiated by entreaty.

"Mammy, you ask 'em!"

Nancy had all this while remained in her chair, in a state of breathless agitation. She now managed to find a weak and quivering voice. "Come away from that window, child! Dovesy, its ghosts, the same as us 'n' be when your Uncle Matt was livin'." Oh, my sakes—what a turn it gives me!

"Ghosts!" said Nellie, stepping back from the window, in momentary dismay. But she recovered herself. "If ghosts can make such nice sounds as that, I like them."

"It won't play no more this time, once it stops," said Nancy. "I recollect how used to be well enough! It 'nd play a bit, an' then stop, an' then 'nd play 'ud say somethin', and then you wouldn't hear no more. That's how 'twas when poor Matt was livin', an' I guess this is th' same ghost."

"But did it ever do any harm to Uncle Matt? Didn't he like it?" inquired the child.

"I don't know as he ever act'ly heard it himself; it 'ud mostly come when I'd be alone, an' he'd be off on his business, somers. When I'd tell him about it, he'd look grave, an' then he'd say: 'Well, Nance, he'd say, 'mind you al'ays listen what it says, he'd say, 'an' whatever it says, mind you do it; for ghosts know more'n we do,' he'd say. All the same it scared me awful."

"May be it ain't ghosts, but fairies—good fairies; and they mean to do us good somehow. Didn't they do Uncle Matt good?"

"Well, I b'lieve he did sort of feller what they said, when I wasn't too scared to recollect it, an' he used to say, 'times, that the Voices, as he called 'em, was as good for his business as what a spellin' book is for a child learnin' to read. But all the same, I'm scared of what I can't see, and don't know what it is; an' al'ays thought it was them ghosts that carried poor Matt off, myster'ous like, at last."

"May be they'll bring him back again, then, and he'll make Mr. Corvin stop troubling us."

Nancy shook her head. "Ghosts is ghosts, lovey; they may be good or bad; but I never heard as they was able to pay folks' debts for 'em. El they could do that, I don't say but what I sakes alive!"

The cause of this ejaculation was not supernatural, but material. There was a heavy thump on the hearth, and the wood ashes flew out into the room. Some heavy object had fallen down the chimney, and struck amongst the smoldering embers. The next instant a light blaze broke out, burnt actively for a minute or so, and then died down.

"Land sakes! it just makes me sick! Must be a brick out of the chimney, I s'pose. But what was that burned up so? It didn't sound like a brick, neither."

Nellie picked up a thin stick, and poked among the ashes. "Why, mammy, it's money—a whole lot of it!" she presently exclaimed. "It was done up in paper, and that's what burnt."

"Money, child? You're crazy! What-ever would money be doin' in our old chimney?"

"But it is money," persisted Nellie; and with that she raked out a couple of ten dollar gold pieces. "Oh, do see—what a lot of 'em!" She continued raking out gold and silver coins and brushing away the ashes. There were scores of them; hundreds of them. "We're rich now, an' we mammy? We can pay Mr. Corvin to-morrow and make him go away," said the child, looking up smiling with excitement and pleasure.

Nancy, her simple soul rent between fear, curiosity and half-credulous joy, got down on her knees on the hearthstone, and picked up one of the pieces between her thumb and finger.

"It's real true gold, just as sure's your're alive," she murmured; "an' the same kind of coin poor Matt used to like to have about him. Gold eagles don't fly away as easy as other kinds, was what he used to say. Well, it don't seem like it could be real, does it? 'Tis, though, all the same! But I don't know—may be the money ain't jestly ours. We don't know where it come from, an' if we was to tell, an' then some'un was to say it was theirs, what'd we do?"

"Why, mammy, who would keep money up our chimney, if it wasn't ours?" said Nellie, with better sense than her mother. She kept on raking treasure out of the embers with untiring enjoyment. "Uncle Matt must have put 'em there, and made 'em fall down just when we wanted them."

"Hark!" cried Nancy.

A whisper—a sigh—a voice filling their ears, coming from they knew not

where, slowly uttering a speech, and dying away into silence. "For you, Nance—for you and her—pay the debt—pay the debt—your brother Matt sends it—pay the debt, and free the land, and give me peace." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## West Virginian Positions.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligence.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—The following West Virginians have been granted pensions:

Increase—Arthur Hart, Dollsow; Peter Earnest, Board Tree; James H. Lewis, Lewis.

Reissue—Flavius Josephus Rulov, Central Station; William F. Ross, Cherry Camp; Francis Looman, Monongah; Thomas Drake, Elenboro; John M. Doss, Upland.

Original—John A. Hicks, Cameron; David W. Gray, Oxford.

Supplemental—Admiral Drake, Amma.

Renewal and Increase—George W. Smith, Rock Camp.

## The Dinner Hour Strike Ended.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligence.

STEVENSVILLE, OHIO, Sept. 24.—After holding out three weeks on a strike the Mingo bar mill men and company settled to-day. All the discharged men got places on the bar mill or other department. The men struck against a reduction of the dinner hour from forty-five to twenty-five minutes. The time for dinner will be the latter figure.

## The Typhoid Epidemic.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligence.

HUNTSBORO, W. VA., Sept. 24.—The typhoid fever continues to rage at Wayne C. H., but the local physicians believe the worst is past. No new cases nor deaths have been reported. Judge Harvey had to adjourn circuit court yesterday on account of the prevalence of the disease. His honor appointed John Lloyd to the vacant circuit clerkship.

## Will Go to Pastour Institute.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligence.

HUNTSBORO, W. VA., Sept. 24.—Mrs. Dave Keyser, who was bitten by a mad dog on Saturday last is somewhat better. The woman may be sent to Pastour Institute in New York for treatment, and partial arrangements were made for that purpose this morning.

## Pastour Granted.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 24.—A patent was granted to-day to Alva S. Grimes, of St. Marys, for a garment supporter.

## Stuck by a Train.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligence.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 24.—A wagon in which there were five colored women and one colored man was struck by a railroad train here this morning. Allie Bell was instantly killed, Louis Bennett was badly hurt about the back, and the others received severe injuries.

## Massillon Mine Situation.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligence.

MASSILLON, O., Sept. 24.—Massillon miners are gathering for a district delegate convention. From authoritative sources it is learned that they will demand 60 cents on October 1 as their construction of the Pittsburgh agreement, and not 50 cents, as the operators propose to pay.

## A Double Position.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligence.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 24.—The Chronicle says S. Kruttschnitt, general manager of the Atlantic system of the Southern Pacific Company, has been appointed to the vacancy created by the death of A. N. Towne, thus becoming general manager of both the Atlantic and Pacific systems of the road.

## It May Do as Much for You.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligence.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so-called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to the cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c for large bottle. At Logan Drug Co.'s drug store.

## B. & O. Special Excursion to the Pittsburg Exposition.

September 19, 24 and 26, October 3, 5, 10, 15 and 17, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Pittsburgh and return at rate of \$2, which includes admission to the exposition. Tickets good to return on all regular trains two days from date of sale.

## Try It, Try It.

I O C. Dr. Story's five-minute headache cure. Guaranteed to cure sick or nervous headache in five minutes. Best headache cure on earth. Try it; only ten cents. For sale by all druggists. Reed, Robb & Breiding, Wholesale Agents.

## DIARRHOEA should be stopped promptly.

It soon becomes chronic. Do Witt's Colic and Cholera Cure is effective, safe and certain. Hundreds of testimonials bear witness to the virtue of this great medicine. It can always be depended upon, its use saves time and money. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling W. Va., B. F. Peabody, Benwood, and Bowie & Co., Bridgeport, O.

Is a recent letter to the manufacturers Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the Spectator, Rushford, N. Y., says: "It may be a pleasure to you to know the high esteem in which Chamberlain's medicines are held by the people of your own state, where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and before leaving home wrote me, asking if they were sold here, stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her, as she did not like to be without them." The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds and croup; Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints. These medicines have been in constant use in Iowa for almost a quarter of a century. The people have learned that they are articles of great worth and merit, and unequalled by any other.

## Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its extraordinary promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passage in male or female. It is never a rejection of water and pain in passing it, and it cures this is your remedy. Sold by R. H. List, druggist, Wheeling, W. Va.

Nobody need have Nephritis. Get Dr. Miles' Pain Pills from druggists. "One cent a dose."

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**CURES**  
Colic,  
Cramps,  
Diarrhoea,  
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Cholera,  
Morbus,  
Nausea,  
Changes of  
Water, etc.

**HEALS**  
Suts,  
Burns,  
Bruises,  
Scratches,  
Bites of  
Animals and  
Bugs, etc.

Tastes Good.  
Smells Good.

**BREAKS UP A COLD.**

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.  
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# What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

**Castoria.**

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Anderson, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CHARLES MATTHEW, D. D., New York City.

**Castoria.**

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., 1125 Third Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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